

ALIENS ARE DUMB

"Pilot -- Cold Open"

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INT. HAMIT'S SHIP - DEEP SPACE

Hamit floats in the pilot seat, the stars outside slowly drifting. He taps a console button.

HAMIT

R.A.H? You here?

R.A.H

(robotic)

I didn't understand that. If you would like to know where Mars is--

He slams the cancel button.

HAMIT

Never mind...

He leans back, pulling a worn photo from his jacket. A picture of his parents. He stares at it and smiles.

HAMIT

(softly)

Still don't know why they only wanted to send me. It's just... weird. Or normal, maybe. If you know what's going on. Probably...

Suddenly -- red lights flash. Alarms scream.

HAMIT

What the fuck?! Am I gonna die?!
Is this ship not up to code or something?!

He scrambles to the comms panel, slamming the Mission Control button.

COMMS

(cheery jingle)

Mission Controlllllll...

Static. Then --

MISSION CONTROL

(distorted)

HAMIT -- HAMIT -- HAMIT -- come
back -- it's bad -- it's --

Static. Silence.

HAMIT

...What.

(mumbling)

How would I even come back? I'm
in space.

He frantically clicks buttons.

HAMIT

Mission Control, come on --!

COMMS

(looped)

Mission Controlllllll...

He presses it again. And again. The jingle plays. Over and over.

COMMS

(final)

Mission Control is currently
unavailable. Please try again at
8PM Eastern Standard Time!

The red lights fade. The ship hums softly as if nothing happened.

Hamit stares at the ceiling. Blinks. Then at the console. The silence stretches.

HAMIT

...What is happening.

He slaps the assistant button.

HAMIT

What -- where is everyone?! Why
isn't Mission Control working?!

R.A.H

(cheerful)

Hamit is meant to do the mission!

HAMIT

No, I don't mean who's doing the
mission, I'm asking where's
Mission Control?!

R.A.H

(calm)

Hamit is meant to do the mission.

HAMIT

...Oh my god.

He slumps back into the seat, rubbing his face. Then --

A faint glow catches his eye. Outside the window -- a bright purplish object in the distance, growing fast.

HAMIT

(squinting)

Why is there purple in space?

He taps R.A.H's button rapidly -- but before anything responds,

R.A.H

Auto-pilot disengaged. Object in front of ship.

The ship slows. A massive, glittery alien craft halts just inches away.

HAMIT

I...--

Suddenly --

COMMS

(no jingle)

Hey! Are you a human? Are you from Earth or... is it Terra?

HAMIT

(startled)

What? Who -- how are you on this frequency?!

ZOMIE

(casual)

...Frequency? Uh... I pushed the glowing button. On the floaty thing. Is this not the translator? Wait -- does this go both ways?

HAMIT

I -- what? Yes. I can hear you.

ZOMIE

(excited)

Oh cool! Okay, then. Yes. Hello.
We are aliens.

HAMIT

Aliens exist?!

ZOMIE

(mocking)

Pfft, yeah... idiot.

Hamit makes a face. Confused. Offended. Bewildered.

ZOMIE

You have been intercepted.

HAMIT

Intercepted?!

ZOMIE

(worried)

Wait -- was that bad? Is that a
threatening word to you guys? I
thought it just meant like...
bumping into. Like in traffic.

HAMIT

...What do you want?

A pause. Muffled voices whispering off-mic.

ZOMIE

(muffled)

He wants to know what we want!
No, you said you had a plan --
...What do you mean "shiny
rocks"?!
More rustling. The mic clears.

ZOMIE

(breathless)

Okay! Sorry! We just -- uh --
need to borrow a... Margiz stone.

Just one. Maybe two. For...
cultural... science. You have
those, right?

HAMIT

What the fuck is a Margiz stone?

ZOMIE

Ah. So you don't have any. That's
okay. We figured. Your ship is
very small. Very cute though! Is
it... is it alive? Wait -- sorry.
That was rude.

ZOMIE (CONT'D)

Anyway -- do you have snacks? Do
Earthships have snacks? Yours has
that logo on it. Does that mean
snacks?

HAMIT

Look, I don't have any snacks.
Who are you people?

ZOMIE

Oh! Sorry! We're the Dumans. I'm
Zomie.

(muffled, to someone)

I told you there wouldn't be
snacks in a ship this size!

(back to Hamit)

Hey, quick question... you need
to go back to Earth soon, right?

HAMIT

That's... not.. soon just, return
to Earth after the Mars orbit.

ZOMIE

(long uncomfortable pause)
Riiiiight. About that. Umm...

(more muffled conversation)

Who had the manual? There's a
protocol for this!

SECOND DUMAN VOICE

Just tell him!

ZOMIE

Okay, so... Earth is... gone.
Stunned silence.

ZOMIE (CONT'D)

We were testing our new Tool and
there was this whole calibration
issue we rubbed some rocks wrong,
with your sun and then your moon
got in the way and then...
well... one thing led to another
and...

Hamit stares blankly, completely paralyzed by shock.

ZOMIE (CONT'D)

(cheerfully)

But don't worry! We have free
housing! With pools! Well, not
water pools that I think humans
swim in. More like liquid
methane. But it's very refreshing
once you get used to the freezing
and the burning simultaneously!

Hamit remains frozen, barely breathing.

He grabs his picture of his parents. Again. And just sits
for a bit before --

ZOMIE

Hello?

(taps communication device)

Is this thing working?

(to someone else)

I think the human is buffering.

Do they do that?

SECOND DUMAN

Maybe it's processing grief? The
manual says they do that.

ZOMIE

For how long? We have a lunch
reservation.
He looks back up at the receiver.

HAMIT
(barely audible)
...sure...

ZOMIE
(excited)
Great! He said sure! That means
he's ok to rehome, right?
(sounds of celebration)
We're getting good at this
diplomacy thing!
The celebratory chatter continues in the receiver, muffled
and distant.

Hamit sits motionless in his chair. The photo of his
parents still in his hand.

He stares straight ahead. Doesn't blink.

The alien voices fade to a low murmur.

His breathing becomes slightly heavier. Shallow.

His hand holding the photo begins to tremble -- just
barely. Almost imperceptible.

The breathing gets more labored. Faster.

His chest rises and falls in short, controlled bursts.
He's trying to hold it together.

His eyes start to water.

One slow, shaky breath. Then another.

A single tear forms in the corner of his eye.

The camera slowly pushes in closer to his face.

His breathing hitches -- half hyperventilating, half keeping himself together.

The tear falls.

Camera pushes into his eyes. Closer. Closer.

Everything goes black.

Silence for several beats.

Then -- flashes:

A small house with a front porch. Windows dark. Empty.

A playground. Swings moving in empty wind.

A family in Mumbai sharing dinner. Mid-laugh. Gone.

Children running through a field in Kenya. Vanished.

An old man feeding pigeons in a park. Dissolved.

A mother tucking her child into bed in rural China.
Erased.

People walking busy streets in Sao Paulo. Nothing.

A wedding in a small Greek village. The bride's smile frozen, then gone.

Classrooms full of students. Empty desks.

Hospitals. Markets. Cafes. Libraries.

All of it. Everyone.

Seven billion stories. Ended.

The flashes come faster now. More chaotic.

Then --

Silence.

Black.

TITLE CARD: "ALIENS ARE DUMB"

FADE OUT.